

My verses do not please her
vain. Mine heart wears with
continual thrills His Epilogue
about to play ! My Sense,
unsound; my Wits, in wane; I
still expect a happy day! Whilst
harvest grows, my winter spills!

PARTHENOPHE mine harvest
spills ! She robs my storehouse of
his grain ! Alas, sweet Wench !
thy rage allay! Behold, what
fountain still distils; Whiles
thine heat's rage in me doth
rain! Yet moisture will not his
flame stay,

PARTHENOPHE ! thy fury stay !
Take hence ! the occasion of
these ills Thou art the cause ! but
come again! Return! and FLORA'S
pride disdain ! Her lilies, rose,
and daffodils ! Thy cheeks and
forehead disarray

The roses and lilies of their
grain ; What swans can yield
so many quills As all her
glories can display ?



ODE i.

HEN I walk forth into the Woods, With
heavy Passion to complain I view the
trees with blushing buds Ashamed, or grieved
at my pain / There amaranthe, with rosy stain
(Me pitying) doth his leaves ingrain !